

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPI  
#11  
MAY/71

# VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



Beware the  
epidemic of...

**THE GREEN PLAGUE!**

FREAK OUT TIME **FEAR FANS!** JUST BACK FROM A **TERROR TRIP** SOUTH OF THE BORDER TO BRING YOU THIS **RED HOT** ITEM ABOUT...

# THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER! by TOM SUTTON

**T**HIS MODERN DAY **WITCH HUNT** STARTED WHEN A YOUNG VILLAGER OF QUINAGA MEXICO WITNESSED A COVEN OF WITCHES CONDUCTING A **WEIRD** RITUAL AT THE VERY MOUTH OF **DEVIL'S CAVE!**



THEY DANCE WILD ENOUGH TO SUMMON THE **DEVIL** HIMSELF!

JOSEPHINO WAS LEADING THE RITES, OLD ONE!

ANY HAS NOT THAT FOUL HOLE BEEN SEALED BY THE **HOLY CROSS!**

JOSEPHINO WAS WATCHED FOR WEEKS UNTIL IT WAS REPORTED A YOUNG FARMER VISITED HER ADOBE. CONFRONTED BY HIS WIFE AND THE TOWN ELDERS HE ACCUSED...

SHE CAST A **SPELL** OVER ME! I WAS **FORCED** TO LOVE HER OR BE DESTROYED!

IT'S **TRUE!** THE **DEVIL'S DAUGHTER** CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT MEN!

JOSEPHINO! SURELY HER EFFECT ON **MEN** IS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL!



JOSEPHINA BREATHED A SILENT **CURSE**...

JOSEPHINO ARISTO WAS THE **DEVIL'S** OWN POWER!

SHE HAS **AGAIN** BEEN SEEN LEADING HER COVEN IN DEMONIC DANCES BEFORE THE **EVIL CAVE!**

JOSEPHINO AND HER FOLLOWERS WERE ARRESTED AND LOCKED IN THE TOWN JAIL BUT DURING THE EARLY MORNING HOURS...



...AND THE YOUNG FARMER NEVER WOKE TO THE DAWN!



HAS THE LORD OF THE **UNDERWORLD** SOMEHOW SOWN HIS SEED AMONG THEM **DESPITE** THE **CROSS!**



**BURN, WITCH! BURN!**

HER FLEDGLINGS WERE STRIPPED, SHORN OF THEIR HAIR AND DRIVEN FROM THE TOWN. JOSEPHINO ARISTO WAS TIED TO A STAKE AND **BURNED ALIVE** THAT MORNING OF JULY 3 1955!



WAS SHE **REALLY** A WITCH? NO ONE WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE BURNING IS AROUND TO **TELL!** THEY HAVE **ALL** DIED OF **STRANGE** AND **UNUSUAL** CIRCUMSTANCES!



# VAMPIRELLA

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## CONTENTS



Page 13



Page 23



Page 30

### SCARLET LETTERS

4

### CARNIVAL OF THE DAMNED

Our damsel from Drakulon runs for her life, straight into the deadly fun and games of "The Carnival of the Damned"

6

### THE ESCAPE

Hunted and pursued in the future, Chiline Cawley seeks refuge in the past

20

### PRISONER IN THE POOL

A fright-fable of ancient Greece, when men shared the earth with creatures of fearful legend

26

### SHE'LL NEVER LEARN

Love in bloom . . . with blossoms of terror!

32

### GREEN PLAGUE

From those wonderful folks who gave you the Red Death and the Black Plague, a NEW ill to devastate mankind!

39

### VAMPI'S FLAMES

48

### DRAGON WOMAN

GI George Saint finds himself haunted by an ancient Korean legend

58



Page 38



Page 49



Page 63

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# VAMPI'S



## SCARLET LETTERS

Recently I've become very optimistic about your fine magazine. The letters columns, however, often makes me feel the opposite. True there are some very articulate letters, but the influence of juvenile critics is all too obvious. Tom Detoro (Vampi's Scarlet Letters #9) claimed to speak for the older readers. HE DOES NOT SPEAK FOR ME! He implies we older fans love those stale, hackneyed stories in which the monster is always victorious. Too often we are held captive to a "shock" ending that leaves us yawning in suspense. I don't mind if evil triumphs or if good and evil are both destroyed. But when I can guess the ending by the second page, that's bad. The latest 'anti-Sci-Fi' campaign disturbs me a lot. I love every form of fantastifications. I thank Mark Ray and you for bringing up the matter of the plagiarized story in the fan page of an earlier issue. I didn't catch it because I seldom read those pages. Perhaps Ted didn't know any better. As for issue #9, the cover was good, but please don't break it up into two different pictures anymore. Once is original, twice sloppy. Everything inside was good except Wehrle's art, Glut's and Feller's stories. Also, print "Feary Tales" in color from now on. One other thing, correct the misspelled words in the stories . . . they're distracting.

DAVE BILLMAN  
Norton, Ohio

Thanks a lot for letting us try our hand at drawing you. You are so beautiful and I think you are just perfect as a model for sketching. Hope you don't mind the nude pic-

ture of you I made. Please try to print one of the pictures and my letter (but don't print either of the pictures of you in the nude).

TERRY VERMANDE  
So. Bend, Ind.

I never received your drawings, Terry. And if there was one of me in the nude, I'm glad I didn't.

When are you going to bring out posters? I'm especially thinking of one by Frank Frazetta. Also, when are you going to publish another mag like Vampiella? Something like: Satana, Cruella or Skulla even? Issue #7 of Vampiella was average, but then came issue #8 which was much better. And now, in front of me lies #9. It is FANTASTIC! Seeing the masterpiece of art by Wally Wood in "The Curse" gave me goose pimples. He's my favorite artist. Please have him draw many more stories for you. I have very little of his work, as in Holland. American comics are almost non-existent. Barry Smith's artwork in "The Boy Who Loved Tree's" was outstanding. Your magazine and the people who make them are great. But the mags could sell greater still. (See Tom Detoro's letter Vampiella #9.) One small thing I would like to add to his comments: Could you print the names and addresses of the letter writers so that correspondence between readers becomes possible.

PETER JOB  
Utrecht, Holland

Printing the names and addresses in full of our letter writers are now being considered, Pete. Also, I'm negotiating the cost of printing a full size color poster of myself. It'll be quite expensive and would probably result in raising the price of the magazines.

I am writing in response to issue #9. The art in the story of "Vampiella" was terrific! The art in the story "Fates Cold Finger" was good also. "The Curse" and "The Work Orders For The Day" was good too. I was disappointed in the art of "Monster Bait" it was terrible. The art in "Jack The Ripper Strikes Again" was bad and so was the story. Seems as though I've seen it somewhere before. Keep Tom Sutton working on the Vampi stories. He's great. Lastly, I'm mad.

Good and mad! Because you raised the price of your magazine from 50c to 60c. Why did you do that? Is the price going up any higher?

LANCE ADKINS  
Houston, Texas

Certainly will try to keep the price down and Sutton working. Lance, I'm answering you, as well as many other fans who've asked that question. We've been deluged with mail, and hundreds are still pouring in requesting a full color poster of myself which may result in the price of the magazine going up. It'll just have to be one or the other . . . full color poster with the price going up, or no poster and the same price for awhile. That's the latest word.

I think the artists that draw for your magazine are just so talented. By the way, where do you get those stories? And by all means, where did you get that snazzy outfit? Seems like you'd freeze to death in such scant clad!

PAM FRESNEL  
Mineral Wells, Tex.

First of all, Pam, the writers of my magazine (all 25 to 50 of them, I lose count) can come up with a dozen or so adventures that have happened to me. But so far, Archie Goodwin is the current light of my life . . . (story writing, that is). As for my scant outfit, it was designed by none other than F. F. himself. Finally, with so many talented men around, who has time to freeze? By the way, pam . . . is that a drawing of yourself on the fan pages of this issue?



The above sketch of Vampi's current flame is non other than the authoritarian of Vampiella's adventures, Archie Goodwin.



A scene from THE CURSE, written and illustrated by Wally Wood.

Hey, Vampi #9 was more like it! Wally Wood's story was an amazing piece of art work! With more strips like "The Curse", you'll really be the tops in the illustrated horror field. Just one thing bothers me . . . how come Wally didn't give his rendition of our sexy, beautiful hostess, namely . . . you, Vampi? I won't rest in my tomb until I find out the answer to this haunting question.

RUDY RANKINS  
Houston, Texas

Wally wasn't aware of which magazine his story would appear, and when he found out it was to be in one of my issues, I wouldn't stand for him not rendering me equally as well, or better than that sex-pot Zara. So I had Frank Frazetta let us use one of his renderings for the top of the splash panel and at the end of "The Curse". That Zara . . . umph! Serves her right for being so sexy looking.

# "When are Vampirella posters coming out?"

Issue #9 was great! And Vampi, you were the one who made it great. You'd better watch out for Van Heising and Adam, or you'll be in a coffin with a stake through your heart. Tom Sutton draws you so well. I get a mental picture of you being so beautiful in real life, and I'll bet you are. I wish when I grow older I become as beautiful as you are. What is your secret for attracting so many males? I must have it, because at the present, I'm so lonely without boys. What girl isn't at my age? Vampi, I must tell you, I just loved that FEARY TALE about 'LILITH', the first vampirest. Nick Cuti sure knows how to dream up good stories. I wish there would be a full length story about Lilith, because it was so interesting but too short. Please try to get him to write a whole story about her ...and maybe you to, Vampi. Incidentally, I'm only nine years old.

JONI STANLEY  
Anderson, Ind.



The above is a drawing of Vampirella by Frank Frazetta, which R. Stone of Houston, Tex., says resembles his secretary Linda. We sure would like to see a rendering of Linda.

It frightens me!!! The incredible resemblance of Vampirella (as drawn by Frank Frazetta) to my 22-year old secretary Linda A. "loner" from some unhappy past, she has the same nose, mouth, facial shape and green cat eyes as Vampirella. Linda also has long flowing jet black hair all the way down her shapely back (37-23-35) and the same utter disregard for clothing. She too is intrigued by the resemblance to you Vampi. Enough about Linda now, and on to Zara, the essence of feminine beauty captured by Wally Wood in the story "The Curse" (Vampirella #9). Congratulations on another fine issue.

R. STONE  
Houston, Texas



I would like to see my look-alike. Why not send a full figure photo of Linda. The crew around the Warren offices are working on an idea that may prove interesting to our many readers.



Thank you for your very lovely compliments, Joni. As for Nick Cuti writing a full length story of Lilith, well... I hear from very informed sources, it's in the works. Look for it soon. By the way, Joni, (and you other fans out there) who would you suggest to do the artwork?

I'm in the navy and I get a chance to read quite a few comic books. But after reading only one of your illustrated horror magazines, I was hooked. I have never seen such superb writing and artwork in any of the other comics I've read. Vampirella is one of the sexiest looking creatures I have ever seen in any of the comics of this type. How do you get away with it? Plus, mostly all of your stories have a good plot combined with knowledgeable background material from obviously very talented and adept writers. However, I would like to see your mag in color. I think it would give the stories a little more life like reality. As mentioned before, after reading only one issue, I dug it so much, I sent in for a subscription. How's that for an expression of appreciation?

AN, GARY E. COZART  
San Antonio, Tex.



## DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENTS?

Let us hear from you!  
All comments are wanted!  
Address your mail to:  
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That's groovy, Gary.

**PROLOGUE:** IT IS CALLED THE *NETHER-VOID*; IT EXISTS SOMEWHERE BEYOND SPACE, BEYOND TIME; IT IS A PLACE OF EXILE. FOR IN A TIME BEYOND HISTORY, EARTH WAS A BATTLEGROUND BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL, ORDER AND CHAOS... AND THE MAD GOD, CHAOS, WITH HIS SEVEN DEMON SERVANTS, WAS DEFEATED AND CAST OUT... CAST OUT TO *NETHER-VOID*. HERE THEY LURK, AND WAIT, AND GAIN STRENGTH... AND SOMETIMES, REACH OUT TO TOUCH THE MINDS AND DREAMS OF HUMAN-KIND, OR EVEN THOSE OF *DIFFERENT KIN*; SUCH AS THE GIRL CALLED...





DEMOGORGON. PURSAN. ZABULON. ASMODEUS. MOLOCH. VALEFAR. NUBERUS. SEVEN NAMES FOR SEVEN DEMONS, KNOWN TO VAMPIRELLA FROM THE STRANGE BOOK SHE WAS READING BEFORE DRIFTING INTO SLEEP, THEY NOW ECHO IN HER MIND IN ACCOMPANIMENT WITH THE MENACING, HALF-SEEN SHAPES MOVING THROUGH HER DREAMS...



AND GRIPPED BY NIGHTMARE MENACE, THE GIRL FROM THE DISTANT, DOOMED PLANET OF DRAKULON IS LULLED TO DANGER MORE IMMEDIATE, AND, FOR NOW, MORE REAL...

THE SUN FEELS WARM AND BRIGHT ON MY FACE, ADAM. IT'S LATE, BY NOW SHE MUST BE DEEPLY ASLEEP...

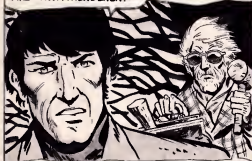


...WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!

I-I KNOW, DAD, BUT...IN THE PAST I'VE NEVER DOUBTED THAT WE, LIKE VAN HELSINGS BEFORE US, WERE **RIGHT** IN WHAT WE'RE DOING, YET SINCE WE'VE BEEN TRACKING THIS GIRL...



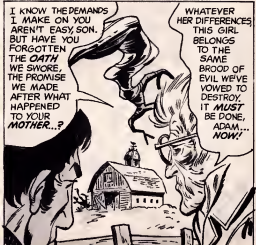
CALL IT A **FEELING**, MAYBE I'VE INHERITED A LITTLE OF YOUR **PSYCHIC POWER**, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE **OTHERS!** FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEEL LIKE A...A **MURDERER!**

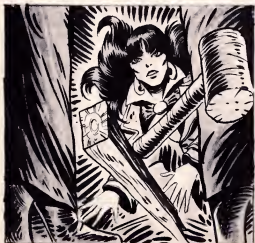


EVEN THOUGH WE **KNOW** SHE PREYED ON YOUR OWN UNCLE, MY **BROTHER**, ADAM? FED ON HIS LIFE BLOOD LIKE EVERY OTHER CREATURE OF THE NIGHT WE'VE HUNTED?

I KNOW THE DEMANDS I MAKE ON YOU AREN'T EASY, SON. BUT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE **OATH** WE SWORE, THE PROMISE WE MADE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR **MOTHER...?**

WHATEVER HER DIFFERENCES, THIS GIRL BELONGS TO THE SAME BROOD OF EVIL WE'VE VOWED TO DESTROY. IT **MUST** BE DONE, ADAM... **NOW!**









NOW LEAVE ADAM AND CONRAD VAN HELSING. LET THE LONG DAY PASS, MOVE ON TO NIGHT AND A WIND-SWEPT MIDWESTERN PLAIN, A PLACE TOUCHED PERMANENTLY BY AUTUMN AS THE WORLD AROUND IT TURNS TO SPRING. HERE A STRAGGLING FEW ARE DRAWN; THE CURIOUS, THE BORED, THE DISCONTENT... DRAWN TOWARD THE LIGHTS, THE NOISES, THE SEEDY PROMISE OF DIVERSION A CARNIVAL GIVES, EVEN THIS...

# CARNIVAL OF THE DAMNED!



IT SEEMS LIKE ANY CARNIVAL, BUT UP CLOSE ITS SAGGING TENTS ARE PATCHED AND THREADBARE; ITS BANNERS TORN, FADED, UNREPAIRED...



MERRY, GO-ROUND ANIMALS STAND WITH GLASS EYES LOST, PAINT LONG PEELING; DECAYING STEEDS CONDEMNED TO THEIR ENDLESS RIDE...



RUST EATS AT THE WIRES AND STRUTS OF THE FERRIS WHEEL, MAKING ITS COBWEB-LACED SEATS SHRIEK SOFTLY WHEN TOUCHED BY THE WIND...



EVEN THE FAMILIAR MARCHES PLAYED BY THE CALLIOPE ARE IN A STRANGE AND MOURNFUL KEY, RISING DIRGE-LIKE INTO THE NIGHT...



THE PITCHMEN STAND SILENT, UNSMILING, NO WANDERER ON THE MIDWAY IS URGED TO THROW THE BALL IS CAJOLED TO SPIN THE WHEEL...



IT SEEMS LIKE ANY CARNIVAL, BUT SOMETHING HAS BEEN TORN FROM ITS CORE. STOP. LISTEN. THERE IS NO GAIETY; THERE IS NO LAUGHTER...



... EXCEPT IN THE TENT BEHIND THE MIDWAY'S BIGGEST ATTRACTION.



OPENING NIGHT JITTERS,  
NO DOUBT! PERHAPS **THIS**  
WILL FIX YOU UP, PENDRAGON...



BLAST YOU,  
ASHTON....!

WHY WON'T YOU HAVE  
**DONE** WITH IT? WHY  
DO YOU KEEP ME  
AROUND?



WHY, YOU **AMUSE**  
ME, OLD MAN.  
NOW DRINK UP...

YOU CAN SKIP  
THE WARM UP  
TONIGHT... I'LL  
HUSTLE THEM  
INTO THE **BIG**  
SHOW COLD!



WHY KEEP **TRYING**, ASHTON? YOU'LL  
NEVER GET ENOUGH OF THEM... **NEVER!**

**WISHFUL THINKING**, MY DEAR PENDRAGON... IT ONLY  
TAKES **TIME!** OF COURSE, I **DO** GET IMPATIENT...  
AND TONIGHT I'VE DISCOVERED A MEANS TO  
SHORTEN THE PROCESS... **COMPLETELY!**



BUT FOR NOW, IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL...  
I'LL LEAVE **YOU** TO CELEBRATE, OLD FRIEND!

HE'S **LYING**... GOT TO BE LYING...!  
DOING IT TO **TORMENT** ME...  
**LIKES THAT...**



BUT WHAT IF HE'S  
TELLING THE **TRUTH**...!  
WHAT IF... NO! MUSTN'T THINK  
ABOUT THAT... MUSTN'T...

W-WHAT...? WHO  
ARE YOU? WHAT  
ARE YOU--



PLEASE, I THOUGHT THE TENT WAS EMPTY... TWO MEN  
JUST ENTERED THE MIDWAY THAT I'M TRYING TO AVOID!  
IF YOU COULD LET ME STAY HERE JUST A FEW MIN--

**THE BOOK!**  
YOU'VE BROUGHT  
HIM THAT  
**DAMNED BOOK!**



GET OUT! OUT! AND TAKE THAT HELL-SPAWNED CRIMSON CHRONICLES WITH YOU!



I MAY BE TOO MUCH OF A COWARD AND RUM-SOAKED SOT TO STAND UP TO HIM, BUT I WON'T LET YOU PUT THAT IN HIS HANDS... I WON'T!

THE ACTION IS SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW... SUDDENLY PENDRAGON IS PROPELLED BACK, WINCING UNDER A GRIP INCREDIBLY IRON-LIKE FOR THE DELICATE-FEATURED GIRL EXERTING IT...

I'M NO FRIEND OF THOSE WHO NORMALLY USE THIS BOOK! I MADE A PROMISE TO A DYING MAN TO FIGHT AGAINST THEM...



NO WONDER I FELT DRAWN TO THIS PLACE! IF THERE'S A MEMBER OF THE CULT OF CHAOS HERE, TELL ME! TELL ME!

WHILE ON THE MIDWAY...

NO JOSTLING CROWDS... ALMOST NONE OF THE NOISE AND EXCITEMENT I'D EXPECT... WHAT SORT OF CARNIVAL IS THIS, ADAM?



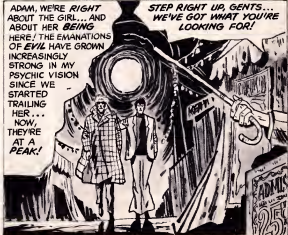
A DYING ONE APPARENTLY, DAD! IT LOOKS NEARLY AS OUT OF IT AS I FEEL... THINKING THE GIRL DUCKED IN HERE TO HIDE IS PROBABLY JUST ONE MORE MISTAKE!

YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF WHAT HAPPENED THIS MORNING, SON! WE KNOW SOME OF THESE CREATURES POSSESS GREATER POWERS THAN OTHERS... WHAT YOU EXPERIENCED WAS A FORM OF HYPNOTISM!



WHAT I EXPERIENCED WAS DOUBT! I FELT IT BEFORE GOING INTO THAT BARN... AND WHEN I LOOKED AT THAT GIRL'S FACE--DAD, CAN'T WE STOP THIS HUNT? RETHINK WHAT WE'RE DOING...

ADAM, WE'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE GIRL... AND ABOUT HER BEING HERE! THE EMANATIONS OF EVIL HAVE GROWN INCREASINGLY STRONG IN MY PSYCHIC VISION SINCE WE STARTED TRAILING HER... NOW, THEY'RE AT A PEAK!



STEP RIGHT UP, GENTS... WE'VE GOT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

YES, INDEED! YES, INDEED! IT'S ALL HERE, FOLKS...JUST WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!  
RIGHT INSIDE... INSIDE THE HOUSE  
OF MIRACLES!

ADAM! GET TICKETS  
...THE EMANATIONS  
ARE  
COMING  
FROM  
THERE!

SHE WORE A STRANGE COSTUME...  
PERHAPS SHE'S WORKING IN THE SHOW!

STEP UP, STEP UP! IF YOU ARE  
BORED, LONELY, DISCONTENT, OR  
JUST PLAIN *CURIOUS*--THE  
ANSWER IS WAITING RIGHT *INSIDE*!

SON! THOSE  
CRIES AHEAD  
OF US!

PROBABLY PIPED IN FOR A  
SPOOKY EFFECT...OR ELSE  
DISSATISFIED CUSTOMERS!  
IT'S JUST A *MIRROR MAZE*  
DAD, WITH GLASS SO OLD AND  
TARNISHED YOU CAN BARELY  
DISTINGUISH THE IMAGES...

...RATHER A SMALL MIRACLE FOR A PLACE  
CALLED--

OH,  
MY  
GOD!

ADAM!  
WHAT--?

MOTHER! THAT *THING'S* KILLING MOTHER...!  
JUST AS IT HAPPENED *THIRTEEN YEARS AGO*...  
IT'S HAPPENING *AGAIN* BEHIND THAT GLASS!



I WON'T LET HIM DO IT! I'M NOT A TERRIFIED TWELVE YEAR OLD NOW...THIS TIME I CAN HELP HER!



THIS TIME I'LL SAVE HER! JUST LET ME IN... LET ME IN! DAMN IT, LET ME IN! LET ME--



--IN \*...!



OUTSIDE, THE MIDWAY IS DESERTED, QUIET... EXCEPT FOR THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF THE MAN ASHTON...



YES, INDEED... IT'S ALL INSIDE, FOLKS... JUST WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED....!

WHILE WITHIN THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES, A MAN BLIND TO ITS ILLUSIONS, CALLS FOR HIS SON...



ADAM...? WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENED...? ADAM?! ADAM!

AND IN THE TENT AT THE REAR...

THOSE SOUNDS FROM IN THERE--/ LIKE PEOPLE CRYING, SCREAMING FOR HELP...!



DON'T GO IN! ONLY ASHTON CAN FIND HIS WAY THROUGH THAT MAZE!

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR THE OTHERS...IT'S TOO LATE!

ARE YOU SURE? TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS PLACE... LET ME DECIDE! I'VE A FEW POWERS OF MY OWN...



POWERS...? I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT POWERS! I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE THING... YOU CAN SHARE MY SECRETS, MY HELPLESSNESS...!



"IT WAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. I WAS A THIRD-RATE MAGICIAN IN A FIFTH-RATE CARNIVAL... **THIS** CARNIVAL. A CARNIVAL ON THE VERGE OF **RUIN**, WITH AN OWNER DESPERATE TO FIND **ANY** MEANS OF FORESTALLING IT..."

THE **CRIMSON CHRONICLES**...! YOU FIDDLE WITH STAGE TRICKS, PENDRAGON, WHEN YOU OWN A COPY OF THE HAND BOOK OF THE **CULT OF CHAOS**? A BOOK WHICH COULD GRANT YOU **ANYTHING**!?"

ASHTON, **REAL** MAGIC CAN BACKFIRE! YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF--



"I BEGGED ASHTON TO USE CAUTION, BUT HE WAS GREEDY, OBSESSED! HE CALLED ON **ASMODEUS**, THE RIGHT HAND OF **CHAOS**, MOST POWERFUL OF THE DEMON SERVANTS... BUT WHEN THE INCANTATION WAS **HALF-COMPLETE**, WHEN THE DEMON'S PRESENCE WAS HALFWAY TO US FROM THE NETHER-VOID..."

PENDRAGON! H-H-E'S IN MY MIND... USURPING MY WILL... **ASMODEUS!** MAKING ME **CHANGE** THE INCANTATION... FORCING ME TO SET HIM **FREE!**



HELP ME, PENDRAGON, HELP ME!

"BUT EVEN **HALF** THE POWER OF **ASMODEUS**, NOW IN CONTROL OF ASHTON'S MIND AND BODY, WAS AWESOME BEYOND BELIEF! HE RIPPED THE FABRIC OF TIME, OF SPACE, HOLDING **BACK** THE MOMENT WHEN THE FLAMES WOULD DESTROY THE CARNIVAL!"

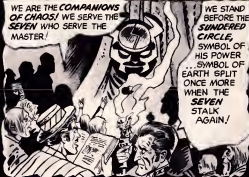


"AND I, NOT YET OFF THE GROUNDS WAS **PARALYZED** IN MY FLIGHT, SWEEPED BACK INTO HIS CONTROL..."

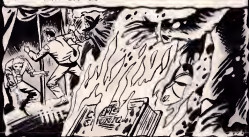
"...CALLING ON THE POWERS OF **CHAOS** TO **SAVE** THE CARNIVAL! AND HE CONVINCED THE REST OF US WHO WORKED THERE, WHO DESPERATELY NEEDED THE JOBS IT PROVIDED, TO GO ALONG, TO COMMIT OURSELVES TO THE CULT..."

WE ARE THE **COMPANIONS OF CHAOS!** WE SERVE THE **SEVEN** WHO SERVE THE MASTER!

WE STAND BEFORE THE **SUNDERED CIRCLE**, SYMBOL OF HIS POWER... SYMBOL OF EARTH SPLIT ONCE MORE WHEN THE **SEVEN** STALK AGAIN!



"I **PANICKED!** STRUCK OUT AT THE BOOK WITH THE ONLY THING IN MY HAND... A **TORCH!** I RAN SCREAMING IN TERROR, TRAILING FLAMES AFTER ME... THE TENT, THE SAWDUST WAS DRY, OLD... IT BECAME AN INSTANT **INFERNO!**"



"BUT BURNING THE BOOK **VOIDED** THE SPELL BEFORE ITS **COMPLETION**... **ASMODEUS** WAS TRAPPED **HALFWAY** INTO OUR WORLD!"

"THOUGH MUCH OF HIS POWER WAS COMMITTED TO HOLDING BACK THE FLAMES, HE USED STILL **MORE** TO MAINTAIN THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES... FOR HERE, WITH ITS ILLUSION OF THE ONE MOMENT IN EACH VIEWER'S LIFE HE MOST WANTS TO **CHANGE**..."



"...HE TRICKS THEM INTO CROSSING A BARRIER INTO THE **NETHER-VOID**, WHERE THEIR **SOULS** WILL BE COLLECTED!"



...IF HE CAN COLLECT ENOUGH SOULS, HE'LL GAIN THE STRENGTH TO BURST FREE, RUN RAMPANT ON EARTH! AND FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, I'VE WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS HE MOVES NEARER HIS GOAL!

AND TONIGHT HE HINTED HE'D FOUND A FASTER WAY! WHEN I SAW YOU WITH THAT BOOK...

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



TAKING A SERUM, MR. PENDRAGON. IT CONTROLS MY OWN PARTICULAR DEMON... \* AND WILL REPLENISH MY STRENGTH FOR MEETING YOURS!

\*UNLESS VAMPIRELLA TAKES THE SERUM EVERY 24 HOURS, SHE WILL REVERT TO HAVING TO FEED ON THE BLOOD OF MEN--

WHILE IN THE MIRROR MAZE, CONRAD VAN HELSING MOVES TOWARD A FAINTLY HEARD SOUND...

ADAM? IS THAT YOU...? BEHIND THE MIRROR...? YOU SOUND SO FAR AWAY!

YOU TOO, DAD! THE ILLUSION THAT DREW ME IN VANISHED THE MOMENT I STEPPED THROUGH...



NOW THERE'S NOTHING, A VOID, AND-- WAIT! I HEAR SOMETHING... COMING, SLITHERING THIS WAY!

STAY BY THE GLASS, ADAM! DON'T WANDER AWAY! SOMEHOW I'LL GET YOU OUT!



BREAK! BREAK, BLAST YOU! BREAK!

THE SOUND OF THE FUTILE HAMMERING IS SWALLOWED BY THE BLANKETING DARKNESS OF THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES. WHILE IN THE TENT BEHIND IT...

PENDRAGON, THERE IS AN INCANTATION FOR RETURNING A DEMON TO THE NETHER-VOID...! I COULD USE THAT AGAINST ASMODEUS AND--

WHY, SO YOU COULD, MY DEAR! IN FACT, I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP TO TRY!



I WAS SO ENGROSSSED IN COLLECTING TONIGHT'S SOULS, I ALMOST DIDN'T SENSE YOUR PRESENCE ON THE GROUNDS!

FOR YEARS I'VE WAITED FOR SOMEONE IN POSSESSION OF THE **BOOK** TO COME WITHIN RANGE OF MY POWERS...



AND THIS MORNING, I SENSED **YOU**... AND PLANTED THE IMPULSE THAT **DREW** YOU HERE! WITH THE **BOOK**...



WHETHER YOU USE ITS INCANTATIONS FOR OR AGAINST ME DOESN'T **MATTER!** SO LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO **READ**...



... I CAN REACH INTO YOUR MIND AND **FORCE** YOU TO PRONOUNCE THE SPELL THAT WILL SET ME FREE ON THE EARTH AS NO SERVANT OF CHAOS HAS BEEN FOR UNCOUNTED **EONS!**



AND AS A FORCE LIKE A THOUSAND THUNDERBOLTS CLAWS AT HER BRAIN, **VAMPIRELLA** BEGINS TO READ...

**PAIN** RADIATES OUT THROUGH EVERY NERVE ENDING; THE WORDS THAT WILL SEND **ASMODEUS** BACK TO THE **NETHER-VOID**, BLUR AND DANCE ON THE PAPER; NEW WORDS, TERRIBLE WORDS, THUNDER IN HER MIND TO BE SPOKEN INSTEAD... BUT **VAMPIRELLA** CONTINUES TO READ.

RESISTANCE? **FINE!** I ADMIRE A STRONG WILL... FOOLS LIKE **ASHTON** WERE NO CHALLENGE...



YOUR MIND IS MORE **ALIEN** THAN I SUSPECTED... DIFFERENT TWISTS, TURNS, THAN HUMANS I'M USED TO...



YOU'VE HAD **TRAINING** IN GAMES OF THE MIND! SHOULDN'T BE TAKING THIS LONG... BUT YOU'LL BREAK... YOU **MUST** BREAK...!



AND THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT...EVEN VAMPIRELLA'S STRONG, PROUD WILL **MUST** COLLAPSE BEFORE SUCH POWER, PERHAPS IN THE NEXT MOMENT. BUT *IN* THAT MOMENT, A WORD BURSTS HALTINGLY FROM HER PALE LIPS... THAT **LAST** WORD OF THE INCANTATION!

...N'RIE'LTH!



WON...YOU'VE WON, VAMPIRELLA! ALL MY YEARS WORKING, SCHEMING, AND YOU'VE WON...!

WITH A ROAR OF FLAMES AND THE BILLOW OF CHOKING BLACK SMOKE, THE THING THAT WAS ASHTON MELTS AND CHANGES...AND FOR ONE HORRIBLE INSTANT, VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON LOOK UPON THE **TRUE** FACE OF ASMODEUS!

...AND IN WINNING, YOU MAY ALSO **LOSE...** TO THE FLAMES!



THE INSTANT PASSES AND ASMODEUS VANISHES BACK INTO THE NETHER-VOID. AND AT THAT **SAME** INSTANT, IN THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES...



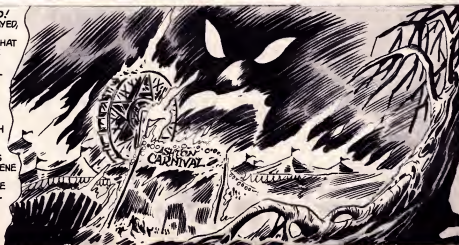
ADAM! THANK HEAVEN, MY BOY! I'D BEGUN TO BELIEVE THAT GLASS WOULD **NEVER** SHATTER! ARE YOU--

I'M ALL RIGHT, DAD! WHAT-EVER WAS COMING TURNED AWAY SUDDENLY... MAYBE YOUR HAMMERING FRIGHTENED IT, OR--



SMOKE! DAD, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

(**INFERNO!** THE DECAYED, ROTTING DREAM THAT WAS THE ASHTON CARNIVAL BEGINS TO DIE FOR THE **SECOND** TIME... AND, WITH NO MAD DEMON OF CHAOS TO INTERVENE TO HOLD BACK THE FLAME... THE **LAST** TIME!



SON...! EVERYTHING COLLAPSING,  
FALLING AROUND US...CONFUSING  
MY SENSES, CAN'T REMEMBER  
DIRECTION **OUT!**



AND IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE  
TO SEE IN  
THIS SMOKE,  
DAD! I'M  
AFRAID--

**THIS WAY!** PUT YOUR HAND ON  
MY SHOULDER... I THINK WE CAN  
LEAD YOU OUT!



ADAM, I HEARD A  
**MAN'S VOICE...WHO...?**



I DON'T  
KNOW,  
DAD! BUT  
I FEEL THE  
COOL AIR FOR  
THE FIRST TIME  
... WHO-  
EVER IT IS,  
HE'S DOING  
ALL  
RIGHT!

**EPILOGUE:**  
DAYBREAK.  
THREE MEN  
REST ON A  
LONELY KNOLL  
AND STARE  
AT THE LAST  
SMOLDERING  
EMBERS,  
THE WISPS OF  
TRAILING  
SMOKE OF A  
FIRE STARTED  
FIFTEEN  
YEARS  
BEFORE...

CAN YOU **STILL** HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT  
THE GIRL, ADAM? THIS MUST HAVE  
BEEN SOME SORT OF **TRAP** DEvised  
BY HER! PERHAPS IN ALLIANCE WITH  
THE FORCES OF **CHAOS...**

LET'S NOT GO INTO IT **NOW**,  
DAD. WE HAVEN'T EVEN **THANKED**  
THIS GENTLEMAN WHO SAVED US  
...DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS **NAME...**



PENDRAGON, SIR, BUT I  
CAN'T CLAIM CREDIT  
FOR LEADING YOU  
OUT... I WAS **FOLLOW-**  
**ING** ANOTHER.



WELL, THEY MUST HAVE  
HAD BUILT-IN RADAR  
LIKE A **BAT** TO FIND  
THE WAY THROUGH  
SMOKE SO THICK...!




PRECISELY, SIR  
...**PRECISELY!**



WHAT MANNER OF BAT TAKES WING IN THE DAWN LIGHT? THE OBVIOUS ANSWER MAKES ADAM VAN HELSING  
WONDER MORE AT THE UNEASY PATH OF VENGEANCE HE AND HIS FATHER TREAD... AND HOW HIS FEELING  
WILL AFFECT THEIR NEXT ENCOUNTER WITH THE GIRL CALLED... **VAMPIRELLA!**

THE END





MEET CHILINE CAWLEY, BEAUTIFUL MASTER-THIEF OF THE YEAR 2547 A.D. THIS FEMALE IS CLEVER AND DEADLY TOO-- SHE'S JUST PULLED ANOTHER SPECTACULAR ROBBERY AND NOW ALL SHE'S THINKING ABOUT IS...

# THE ESCAPE!

BEHIND HER, CHILINE COULD HEAR THE WAIL OF THE PURSUING POLICE-ROBS, AND SHE KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO ACT FAST..!

THEY'RE TRAILING ME BY THE PATTERN OF MY HEARTBEAT-- BUT I HAVE SOMETHING TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!

CHILINE WITHDREW A SMALL MECHANICAL DEVICE FROM HER HANDBAG AND STARTED IT TICKING, KNOWING IT'D SEND OUT A SONIC THROB LOUD ENOUGH TO CONFUSE THE POLICE-ROBS' ULTRA-SENSORS...

THERE--THAT SHOULD THROW THEM OFF MY TRAIL LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THIS AREA!

SHE TOOK THE ANTI-GRAV LIFT, RISING SLOWLY UP TO THE CITY'S SEVENTH LEVEL, AND CHUCKLING OVER HER LATEST CRIME...

HA! THE JEWELS IN MY HANDBAG ARE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM-- I WON'T HAVE TO PULL ANYMORE CAPERS AFTER THIS! IT'S PARADISE CITY FOR THIS GIRL!



CHILINE EMERGED ONTO THE SEVENTH LEVEL, THE CITY'S VAST BUSINESS DISTRICT, WHERE TIRED WORKERS WERE CROWDING THE LIFTS AND TERMINALS, HEADING HOME...

PERFECT TIMING--I'VE ARRIVED JUST AS THE DAILY WORK PERIOD ENDS, AND ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND WILL HIDE ME FROM VISUAL SURVEILLANCE.



CALMLY, THE BEAUTIFUL FUGITIVE JOINED A LINE OF WORKERS, WAITING TO ENTER A SUBURB-LIFT...

JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I'LL BE OUT OF THE CITY. THEN, IT'LL BE AN EASY MATTER TO--WHAT? OH NO, POLICE-ROBS!!



THERE HAS BEEN A THEFT-ON-LEVEL-ONE/ ALL LIFTS ARE BEING CLOSED-UNTIL-SEARCHES ARE COMPLETED. WE HAVE A VISUAL PRINT-OF-THE-CRIMINAL'S-FACE-FOR-IDENTIFICATION.



TO CHILINE, THE WORDS WERE LIKE THE VOICE OF DOOM! SOMEHOW THEY'D GOTTEN A VISUAL-PRINT OF HER, AND IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE TASK TO IDENTIFY HER!

MAYBE I CAN SLIP AWAY BEFORE...

THAT-PERSON-IS-FLEEING! HALT-HALT!



THE CHASE TOOK ON A NEW AND DANGEROUS TURN NOW... THE POLICE-ROBS WERE ARMED WITH BLASTERS, AND AUTHORIZED TO USE THEM!

LUCKY IT'S ALMOST DARK-- MAYBE I CAN LOSE THEM DOWN THIS SIDE STREET--



CHILINE'S FLIGHT CARRIED HER DEEPER INTO THE NOW-DESERTED BUSINESS DISTRICT, WHERE THE ONLY MOVEMENT WAS BY MINDLESS CLEANER-ROBS WORKING IN THE STREETS...

GOOD THING THE CLEANER-ROBS ARE ONLY PROGRAMMED FOR ONE THING--ELSE THEY'D BE AFTER ME, TOO!

BUT I MUST FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE UNTIL--WHAT? AN AIRCAR COMING--!



QUICKLY SHE JUMPED INTO THE SHADOWS AND WATCHED THE VEHICLE FLOAT UP...

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? OH, MUST BE THE NIGHT DUTY SECURITY GUARD FOR ONE OF THESE BUILDINGS.



I WAS RIGHT-- THERE'S THE DAY DUTY GUARD COMING OUT--

SO LONG, BILL--SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

RIGHT!



AS THE AIRCAR PULLED AWAY, CHILINE DARTED ACROSS THE STREET...

IF I CAN GET INSIDE BEFORE THE AUTOMATIC DOORS SHUT, THIS'LL MAKE A GREAT PLACE TO HIDE FOR THE NIGHT!



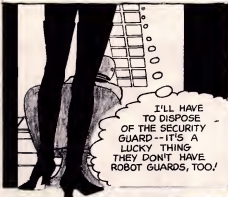
MADE IT-- WITH INCHES TO SPARE! BUT NOW THE QUESTION IS, WHERE AM I? IF--HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?



WELL, WELL,-- SO THIS IS THE "TIME-VACATIONS" OFFICE, EH? THIS MAY OFFER SOME INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES...



SILENTLY CHILINE MOVED DOWN THE HALLWAY TO THE BUILDING'S OFFICE SECTION WHERE...



I'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF THE SECURITY GUARD--IT'S A LUCKY THING THEY DON'T HAVE ROBOT GUARDS, TOO!

REACHING INTO HER BOOT, THE BEAUTIFUL CRIMINAL WITHDREW A SLENDER INSTRUMENT OF DEATH, AND...



SO LONG, PAL!




NOW THAT HE'S TAKEN CARE OF, I CAN GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS AT HAND...

AFTER TURNING THE SECURITY SYSTEM OFF, CHILINE ENTERED THE VAST LAB COMPLEX...

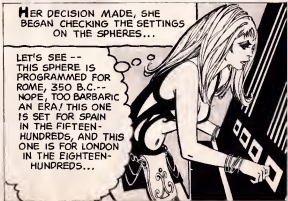


SO THESE ARE THE TIME-SPHERES USED TO TRANSPORT VACATIONERS BACK INTO THE PAST! MY, THIS DOES OFFER POSSIBILITIES!



ESCAPING INTO THE PAST WOULD BE THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PROBLEMS! NO ONE COULD TRACE ME... AND WITH THE JEWELS I'VE STOLEN, I'D BE RICH, NO MATTER WHAT THE TIME ERA! AND IT SURE BEAT RUNNING FROM THE POLICE--ROBS THE REST OF MY LIFE!

HER DECISION MADE, SHE BEGAN CHECKING THE SETTINGS ON THE SPHERES...



LET'S SEE -- THIS SPHERE IS PROGRAMMED FOR ROME, 350 B.C.-- NOPE, TOO BARBARIC AN ERA! THIS ONE IS SET FOR SPAIN IN THE FIFTEEN-HUNDREDS, AND THIS ONE IS FOR LONDON IN THE EIGHTEEN-HUNDREDS...



HMMM--  
LONDON  
IN THE  
EIGHTEEN  
HUNDREDS...  
THAT WAS  
THE VICTORIAN  
AGE, AND THE  
HEIGHT OF  
COLONIAL  
SPLENDOR!  
YES, I THINK  
I'D LIKE  
THAT--  
LONDON  
IT IS!

QUICKLY THE BEAUTIFUL  
FUGITIVE TURNED ON THE  
AUTOMATIC CONTROLS AND  
ENTERED THE SPHERE...



HA HA! AN  
ESCAPE INTO THE PAST--  
AND LET THE POLICE-ROBS  
TRY TO FIND ME *NOW!*  
CHILINE, MY GIRL, THIS  
IS THE CROWNING TOUCH  
TO YOUR GREATEST  
CAPER!

THE SPHERE'S CONTROLS BEGAN  
A LOW THROB THAT RAPIDLY BUILT  
INTO AN EAR-POUNDING ROAR.  
CHRISTINE FELT HER BODY  
FLOATING, WITH TIME AND SPACE  
SOARING AROUND HER...



THERE WAS A SUDDEN  
MOMENT OF NUMBNESS,  
AND THEN AS HER SENSES  
CLEARED, CHILINE LOOKED  
AT HER NEW SURROUNDINGS...



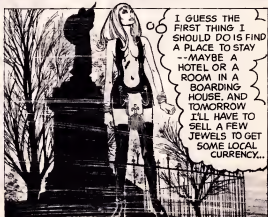
UNN--  
WOW, I  
MADE IT!  
LONDON--!

THE NIGHT FOG HUNG IN  
SOFT SWIRLS, BROKEN ONLY  
BY THE FEEBLE GLOW OF  
STREETLAMPS THAT SHOWN  
AGAINST THE DARKNESS...  
AND CHILINE WAS FASCINATED  
BY IT ALL...

IT'S  
JUST LIKE  
THE VIDEO-  
HISTORY TAPES  
PICTURED  
IT... SO  
QUAINT...



I GUESS THE  
FIRST THING I  
SHOULD DO IS FIND  
A PLACE TO STAY  
--MAYBE A  
HOTEL OR A  
ROOM IN A  
BOARDING  
HOUSE, AND  
TOMORROW  
I'LL HAVE TO  
SELL A FEW  
JEWELS TO GET  
SOME LOCAL  
CURRENCY...



CHILINE WALKED DOWN THE STREET, ADMIRING THE QUIANT HOUSES AND STATELY OLD BROWNSTONES, UNTIL...

AH--HERE'S ONE WITH A SIGN CUT. THIS SHOULD BE AS GOOD AS ANY FOR--EH? WHAT'S THAT?



THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY RENT WITH THE SHRILL OF POLICE WHISTLES, AND CHILINE HEARD THE SHOUTS OF EXCITED VOICES COMING TOWARDS HER...



THE POLICE!  
THEY'RE ON TO ME!

FROM FORCE OF HABIT, SHE DUCKED INTO THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY ALLEY, THEN REALIZED...



THIS IS SILLY! WHAT AM I HIDING FOR? THE POLICE OF THIS ERA DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME-- THEY'RE AFTER SOMEONE ELSE!

CHILINE SMILED, THANKFUL THAT HER DAYS OF FLEEING WERE OVER AT LAST. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND HER, AND A POWERFUL HAND CLAMPED OVER HER MOUTH!

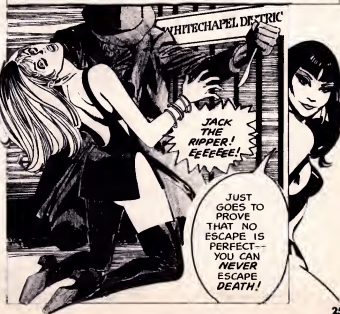


THE ATTACKER SPUN HER AROUND AND CHILINE'S EYES WIDENED IN HORROR AS SHE SAW THE MAN'S INSANE, BRUTISH FACE! FRANTICALLY SHE JERKED FREE AND TRIED TO RUN, BUT LIKE A CAT HE WAS AFTER HER, PULLING HER DOWN...



NO--  
NO!!

THEN SHE SAW THE SILVER BLADE... A DEADLY MEDICAL INSTRUMENT... PLUNGING QUICKLY TOWARD HER CHEST... AND WITH SUDDEN HOPELESSNESS, CHILINE REALIZED THAT THE LONDON SHE'D CHOSEN TO ESCAPE TO WAS THE LONDON OF...




JACK THE RIPPER!  
EEEEEE!


JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT NO ESCAPE IS PERFECT-- YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE DEATH!

IT'S LETHAL LORE TIME, MYTH-MONGERS, AND WE'LL BE VISITING ANCIENT GREECE WHERE MANY THINGS ARE NOT QUITE WHAT THEY SEEM, INCLUDING THE BEAUTIFUL ...

# Prisoner in the Pool!



FROM MORN 'TIL EVEN  
I'VE TRAMPED THESE  
**DESOLATE WOODS**,  
FINDING NO MAN,  
FRIEND OR FOE, AND  
NOW... AH, BUT WHAT  
A **GIFT** THE GODS  
LAVISH UPON ME!

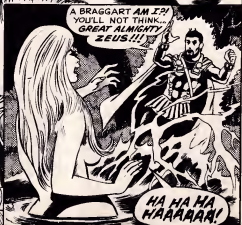


I, A **GIFT**? I  
THINK NOT, WARRIOR.  
AT BEST, I'LL BE  
YOUR **PRIZE**, BUT  
EVEN THEN YOU'LL  
FIND ME **HARD**  
WON!

IN ANOTHER 1200 YEARS,  
**CHRIST** WILL BE BORN,  
AND THE GODS OF OLD  
**GREECE** WILL BEGIN  
TO BE FORGOTTEN, YET  
NOW, ON AN ANCIENT  
AUTUMN DAY, THAT FAR  
FUTURE TIME IS BEYOND  
IMAGINING, AND FOR  
**THIBRON THE DORIAN**,  
WALKING CLOSE IN THE  
SHADOW OF **MT. OLYMPUS**,  
THE **GODS** AND **LESSER**  
**SPIRITS** ARE EVERY BIT AS  
REAL AS THE MANY-COLORED  
LEAVES STRAINING THE  
FOREST FLOOR ALL  
ABOUT HIM.

DON'T THINK TO DAUNT ME  
WITH **WORDS**, **SWEET NYMPH**!  
GIFT OR **PRIZE**, I'LL HAVE  
YOU **EITHER WAY**!

**INDEED?** THEN COME YOU  
INTO THE POOL AND TAKE  
ME, BRAGGART.



A BRAGGART AM I?  
YOU'LL NOT THINK...  
**GREAT ALMIGHTY**  
**ZEUS!!!**

HA HA HA  
HAHAHA!





YOU'RE NO  
NYMPH!  
YOU'RE A  
WITCH!

NAY, I'M **NEITHER!**  
BUT I AM A **PRISONER**  
OF THIS **INFERNAL**  
**POOL!**

AS DARKNESS FELL, THIBRON BUILT HIMSELF A  
FIRE NEAR THE **UNCANNY WATERS**, THEN  
LISTENED AS THE MAIDEN TOLD A **STRANGE**  
**TALE...**



I AM **QUARRA**,  
DAUGHTER OF  
THEAGENES, WHOSE  
KINGDOM LIES A  
DOZEN DAYS' MARCH  
NORTH BEYOND THE  
SNOWY SUMMIT  
OF **MT. OLYMPUS**.



**CHIRANOS**, A  
PRINCE OF A  
NEIGHBORING  
KINGDOM, SOUGHT  
TO MAKE ME HIS  
**WIFE**.  
UNFORTUNATELY,  
HE HAS THE  
**FACE OF A**  
**GOAT**. WHEN I  
REFUSED TO WED  
HIM, HE BECAME  
**ENRAGED**.



AND RAGE  
TURNED TO  
**REVENGE**.  
**CHIRANOS** PUT  
YOU IN THE  
POOL, NO DOUBT?

**INDEED** WARRIOR, HIS  
**STRONG SPELL** BINDS  
ME **FOREVER** TO THESE  
WATERS, **UNLESS...**

THIBRON PURSED HIS LIP THOUGHTFULLY  
AS HE CONSIDERED THE **LITHE FIGURE**  
HALF-HIDDEN BY THE STILL WATERS.  
HERE, MOST CERTAINLY, WAS A MAIDEN  
OF **SINGULAR BEAUTY...**



...UNLESS YOU ARE  
**SET FREE BY ANOTHER'S**  
**POWERS?**

**JUST**  
**SO!**



I THINK THAT  
I WOULD  
TRY TO FREE  
YOU. BUT **HOW**  
MUST I  
**PROCEED?**

AS DAWN SENT SHAFTS OF GOLDEN LIGHT INTO THE FOREST, THIBRON BADE THE PRINCESS QUARRA A CONFIDENT FAREWELL...

WORRY NO MORE, LOVELY QUARRA. SOON, I'LL HAVE YOU OUT DRYING UPON THE GRASS!

WE SHALL SEE, WARRIOR WE SHALL SEE!

AMID NOON'S BRIGHTNESS, THIBRON CAME UPON THE FOUL-SMELLING HOUSE OF THE MAN HE SOUGHT...

CERTAINLY THIS SINIS MUST BE AN OAF TO LIVE IN SUCH A PIGSTY!

COME FORTH, PINE BENDER! I, THIBRON, HAVE COME TO ROB YOU!

PINE BENDER CAME FORTH-- ALL EIGHT FEET OF HIM, MUSCLED IN EVERY INCH...

YOU, ROB ME?!? HAR HAR HAR!!!

KEEP LAUGHING, SINIS! KEEP ON, AND YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING!

...IF I CAN MAKE HIM FURIOUS, HE MAY ATTACK BLINDLY AND...

BUT THIBRON'S FIRST INSULT HAD BEEN ENOUGH. BELLOWING LIVID CURSES, THE PINE BENDER CHARGED...

LITTLE GREAT MOUTH, I'LL POUND YOUR HEAD DOWN INTO YOUR FEET!

JUST AS I HOPED! I THOUGHT THE FOOL DOESN'T YET KNOW IT, HE'S ALREADY DEAD!

THIBRON FELT THE GIANT'S GREAT PINE CLUB THEN WHISTLE WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS FRAIL SKULL, THEN...

GRRRAAAANN!

YOUR AIM IS VERY POOR, SINUS! MINE IS NOT!

THIBRON KNELT OVER SINIS' STILL-TWITCHING BODY AND RIPPED A **SMALL BAG** FROM A CHAIN ABOUT THE GIANT'S CORDED NECK...



NOW! I HAVE ONE **MYSTIC KEY!** BUT **TWO** ARE REQUIRED IF THE FOOL IS TO BE **UNLOCKED BY MAGIC!**

AND THE **SECOND KEY** LIES **HIDDEN** IN A **GRIFFIN'S NEST!**



ANOTHER DAY FOUND THIBRON WITHIN A **THOUSAND FEET** OF HIS GOAL, BUT THAT **THOUSAND FEET** WAS...



A **SHEER VERTICAL CLIMB** AT BEST, A MAN MUST HAVE **WINGS** TO REACH THE **GRIFFIN'S NEST!**

THE **GRIFFIN** FELL, LIKE A **FEATHERED BOMB!** THIBRON LASHED OUT FROM BENEATH THE COVER OF HIS SHIELD, BUT...



BUT QUITE **SUDDENLY**, THIBRON FOUND HIMSELF WITHOUT TIME TO **FURTHER CONSIDER** HIS **HIGH GOAL...**

**CURSED LUCK!** THE **GRIFFIN** HAD **SEEN ME!**



NOW, I **MUST FIGHT** FOR WHAT I MIGHT HAVE **STOLEN!**

AS THE **MONSTER'S CLAWS** CUT INTO HIS **FLESH**, THIBRON FELT HIS **SWORD ARM** GO **NUMB**, AND...



HE'S **LIFTING ME**, PLANNING TO **CARRY ME** UP AND **DROP ME** TO MY **DEATH!**



I'M **LOSING MY BALANCE...** **SLIPPING!**

I **MUST REACH MY...**

**DAGGER!**

THREE DAYS LATER, MUCH TO QUARRA'S SURPRISE, THIBRON RETURNED.

I'M BACK, WOMAN, DESPITE A DUEL WITH A GIANT, AND A FLIGHT TO EARTH ON THE DYING WINGS OF A GRIFFIN... I'M BACK! AND WITH THE MYSTIC KEYS... BOTH OF THEM!

HA HA! BUT NOT WITHOUT A FEW SCARS, I SEE!

INDEED, I HAVE WOUNDS, AND IN A MOMENT, LITTLE PRINCESS, YOU SHALL BE THE ONE TENDING THEM!

FIRST, YOU MUST CATCH ME! AND I WARN YOU, I'M NOT EASILY CAUGHT!

MOMENTS LATER, QUARRA STEPPED FROM THE WATER, THEN GALLOPED AWAY WHILE THIBRON LOOKED AFTER HER, TOO STUNNED TO REACT...

RACE ME TO SUNIUM HILLTOP! HA HA! BEAT ME THERE AND I'M YOURS TO HAVE!

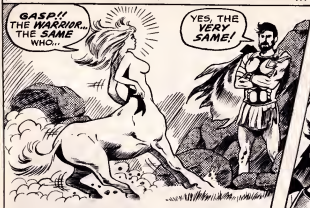
BY ALL THE GODS! SHE'S A CENTAUR...!!!

AH! I FEEL IT NOW! THE POOL IS RELEASING ITS HOLD. IN A MOMENT I'LL BE OUT UPON THE FIRM EARTH!

THEN WE'LL SEE WHO IS THE SWIFTER!

HA HA HA HA! WHAT A SIMPLETON HE WAS!

BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, UPON *SUNIUM HILLTOP...*



AND I'VE BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME, LONG ENOUGH TO KILL YOUR *FOUR FOOTED LOVER*, IN FACT. HE THOUGHT TO *SPILL MY GUTS*, BUT AS YOU SEE...



BEFORE HE DIED, HE REVEALED THAT A WIZARD HAD PUT YOU IN THE POOL, AND THE BOTH OF YOU THOUGHT TO *USE ME!*



I WOULD TAKE THE *GREAT RISK*, GAIN *NOTHING!*

YES... ONLY THE *GODS* COULD MOVE SO *QUICKLY...*



NO, I'M NO GOD, BUT A *GOD DID FATHER ME!*

BUT NOW... HOW DID YOU...



HOW DID I GET HERE SO *SWIFTLY* AND ON *ONLY TWO FEET?*



IN FACT, MY FATHER IS *HERMES*, *WING-FOOTED* MESSENGER OF ZEUS, AND, AS NOW YOU CAN *SEE*, I BEAR HIM A *CERTAIN RESEMBLANCE!*


MY, MY, WHAT AN *ODD COUPLE* THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE! JUST *HOPE* OUR HERO CAN FIGURE OUT WHETHER QUARRA BELONGS IN HIS *HOUSE* OR IN HIS *STABLE!*



DOVE  
COCHRAN

END






I'M ABOUT TO CONDUCT A LESSON IN THE **LOATHSOME**, FRIENDLY FIENDIES, WITH SOME FEAR FACTS I'M SURE **YOU'LL** DIG! HOWEVER THERE'S **ONE** PUPL I'M CONCERNED ABOUT. IT SEEMS ...

IT WAS A SMALL, OUT-OF-THE-WAY COFFEE HOUSE, CALLED **DEBRIS 65**, WITH THE USUAL ATMOSPHERE OF SMOKE, DARKNESS, COBWEBS, AND DUST. I ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT THIS PLACE HAD THE ADDED ATTRACTIONS OF SLINKING VERMIN AND MUSHROOMS GROWING UNDER THE TABLE. ALTHOUGH I NEVER LOOKED FOR EITHER, THE FOLK-SINGING WAS BAD, AND I WAS NEVER ABLE TO FIND THE TRUTH THAT DEXTER HAD ORIGINALLY TOLD ME WAS LURKING THERE SOMEWHERE, BUT THEY SERVED GOOD SPICED MILK THAT WAS WHY I WENT THERE OFTEN. I LIKED TO LOOK AT THE PEOPLE, TOO. THERE WAS THIS TABLE I USUALLY SAT AT, ABOUT AS FAR FROM THE FOLK-SINGING AS YOU COULD GET. I USED TO SIT THERE... AND DRINK... AND WATCH...

KEN BARR



THAT WAS WHERE I FIRST SAW YOU AND WHERE I FIRST STARTED TO THINK ABOUT YOU. IF I HAD SEEN YOU ANY OTHER PLACE, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN YOU A SECOND THOUGHT... DEFINITELY NOT A THIRD...



BUT THERE IT WAS  
DIFFERENT... YOU  
SEEMED OUT OF PLACE  
YOU WERE DEFINITELY  
DIFFERENT FROM THE  
USUAL CLIENTELE, THE  
HIPPIE SET WITH  
THEIR SLOPPY CLOTHES  
AND NO MAKE-UP...



WHAT WERE YOU DOING  
THERE? THAT WAS THE  
QUESTION. OTHERWISE YOU  
WERE EASY TO UNDERSTAND;  
YOU BELONGED TO THAT  
NEW BREED OF CAREER-  
ORIENTED WOMEN - A  
MODEL, A SECRETARY,  
OR PERHAPS A  
RECEPTIONIST...

YOU LEFT SOON AFTER  
DRINKING ONE CUP OF  
THAT CHOCOLATE STUFF  
WITH THE GREEN SPECKS  
ON TOP, AND AFTER THAT  
I FORGOT ALL ABOUT YOU...

...UNTIL LATE THAT NIGHT  
BACK AT THE ROOM. I  
GUESS I WAS LONELY.  
I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT  
YOU IN A PERSONAL WAY.  
I NEVER HAD A RELATIONSHIP  
WITH A GIRL LIKE YOU.  
MIGHT BE NICE...

THAT NEXT AFTERNOON  
I HAPPENED TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN AS I WAS PASSING  
A RESTAURANT. YOU WERE ALONE  
AT ONE OF THOSE SMALL TABLES,  
EATING A CLUB SANDWICH...



YOU LOOKED COMPLETELY  
DIFFERENT. YOUR DRESS, EVEN  
YOUR HAIR, WAS A DIFFERENT  
COLOR. I THINK IT WAS  
BLONDE OR...WELL THAT  
REALLY DOESN'T MATTER...

THE MAIN THING IS I WANTED  
TO GO IN AND SIT ACROSS FROM  
YOU. I WOULD START BY ASKING  
HOW THE SANDWICH WAS AND END  
UP DRAWING YOU INTO A  
CONVERSATION...

- IT WAS  
REALLY TOO BAD  
THAT I WAS IN SUCH  
A HURRY...

FIRST, I WOULD WIN YOUR  
ATTENTION. LATER, PERHAPS  
I WOULD WIN YOU...

THAT WHOLE DAY,  
I COULDN'T SEEM TO  
GET MY MIND OFF YOU...  
SO, FINALLY, THAT NIGHT I  
DECIDED TO SEARCH YOU OUT.  
I HEADED UP INTO YOUR TERRITORY  
WHERE I HOPED I WOULD  
RUN INTO YOU...

AND I DID RUN INTO YOU  
I WAS IN THE *BAMBOO*  
WHEN YOU CAME IN WITH  
THAT OLD RICH GUY...



I WATCHED AS YOU SAT DOWN WITH HIM AT A SMALL INTIMATE TABLE, AND AS YOU NERVOUSLY CROSSED YOUR LEGS YOU HELPED OUT A CIGARETTE FOR HIM TO LIGHT, AND, FINALLY YOU TWO JUST SAT AND TALKED...

IT OBVIOUSLY HAD NOT BEEN YOUR IDEA TO ACCEPT THE DATE, BUT ONE OF YOUR GIRL FRIENDS HAD PROBABLY TALKED YOU INTO ACCEPTING, SAYING IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOUR CAREER...

HE WAS PROBABLY TELLING YOU THAT HIS WIFE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM. SOMETHING SUIVE LIKE THAT. ANYWAY, IT WAS MAKING YOU NERVOUS. YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO...



THEN AT THE **ARROW** YOU WERE DANCING WITH THAT ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE. I KNEW THAT WAS WHAT HE WAS. YOU CAN SPOT THEM EASILY, BECAUSE...WELL, THERE'S JUST SOMETHING ABOUT THEM

YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF HERE EITHER. PROBABLY ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE GOOD-FOR-YOUR-CAREER DATES. I DOUBTED THAT HE WAS MARRIED, BUT PROBABLY HIS FIANCEE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM, OR SOMETHING.

ANYWAY, I COULD ALMOST HEAR HIM SAYING THINGS LIKE "I LIKE THE IMAGE YOU PROJECT" BUT HE WAS HAVING A HARD TIME KEEPING YOUR ATTENTION TO PUT IT BLINDLY, YOU WERE BORED.



FINALLY IN THAT LITTLE DRUG STORE NEXT TO THE CLUB 37, I FOUND YOU ALONE. YOU WERE SITTING AT ONE OF THE BOOTHS NEAR THE WINDOW, EATING A HAMBURGER. I WENT IN AND SAT NEXT TO YOU...



DO YOU MIND  
IF I SIT HERE?

HUH?

I THREW AN OLD LINE  
AT YOU. SOMETIMES IT WORKS;  
SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T

THEN YOU LOOKED UP  
FOR THE FIRST TIME. YOU  
HAD A PUZZLED EXPRESSION  
ON YOUR FACE. YOU HAD NEVER  
MET ANYONE LIKE ME BEFORE.  
INTERESTED YOU...

LISTEN  
I'D RATHER  
BE-

HOW'S THE  
HAMBURGER  
HERE?

ARE YOU  
A MODEL?  
YOU *LOOK*  
LIKE ONE?

FAIR! LOOK,  
I'D REALLY...

LOOK, I DON'T  
REALLY WANT TO BOTHER  
YOU, BUT... WELL, I'M A  
FICTION WRITER, AND I'M DOING  
THIS STORY ABOUT A MODEL.  
I WAS THINKING OF USING YOU FOR  
SOME OF THE DESCRIPTION!

AFTER AWHILE WE WENT  
OVER TO THE CLUB, AND WE  
DANCED AND DRANK AND  
MAINLY TALKED. I FOUND  
OUT ALL ABOUT YOU, AND AS  
I HAD SUSPECTED, IT WAS  
ALL QUITE TRITE...

WE WERE BOTH A LITTLE OUT OF IT BY THE  
TIME WE ENDED UP IN YOUR APARTMENT FOR A  
FEW LAST DRINKS. THERE, AS I EXPECTED YOU  
SAID IT WAS TOO LATE AND I WAS IN NO  
CONDITION TO GO BACK, AND YOU SUGGESTED  
THAT I STAY THERE FOR THE NIGHT...



BUT THEN YOU SURPRISED ME  
BY BRINGING A PILLOW AND  
SOME BLANKETS OUT TO THE  
COUCH FOR ME. I GRABBED YOU...

BUT I THOUGHT...

OH NO!  
I COULDN'T!  
WE JUST MET!  
I HARDLY KNOW  
YOU AT ALL!

YOU LAUGHED AND  
PUSHED ME AWAY  
WHEN I TRIED TO  
KISS YOU...

BUT I WOULDN'T LET YOU LAUGH AT ME, WOULDN'T LET YOU  
BRUSH ME OFF. YOU HAD LED ME ON, AND, LIKE A FOOL,  
I HAD THOUGHT YOU WERE SERIOUS. NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR  
THIS GAME YOU HAD PLAYED...

I GRABBED  
HOLD OF YOU  
YOU TRIED TO FIGHT  
ME OFF, BUT I  
FOUGHT BACK...

I FOUGHT AND FOUGHT... AND THEN I RAN...



I ENDED UP THAT  
NEXT AFTERNOON BACK  
AT THE *DEBRIS*, DRINKING  
SPICED MILK AND WATCHING  
THE PEOPLE TRYING TO  
PUT THE WHOLE THING OUT  
OF MY MIND, TRYING TO  
FORGET ALL ABOUT  
YOU...



BUT LATER  
THAT AFTERNOON  
I SAW YOU AGAIN,  
AND REALIZED  
I WAS BEING TOO  
HARSH. YOU HAD  
LEARNED YOUR  
LESSON. THERE  
WAS NO REASON  
FOR ME TO HOLD  
A GRUDGE...



I WALKED UP TO  
YOU, TRIED TO TALK  
TO YOU. YOU PRETENDED  
YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME,  
SO I PLAYED YOUR  
SILLY GAME.  
AND BEFORE LONG,  
WE WERE FRIENDS  
AGAIN...



FINALLY, WE ENDED UP BACK  
HERE, IN YOUR APARTMENT...



AND NOW,  
HERE WE ARE  
AGAIN. ONCE  
AGAIN I AM  
LOOKING DOWN  
AT YOU, LYING  
THERE SO  
STILL, SO  
LIFELESS...

WHAT IS  
THIS NOW?  
THE FIFTH TIME  
I'VE HAD TO  
TEACH YOU  
THIS SAME  
LESSON?  
OR IS IT  
THE SIXTH?

NOW, I MUST LEAVE, SO THAT NO ONE FINDS  
ME HERE. BUT I KNOW THAT SOON WE  
SHALL MEET AGAIN, AND PERHAPS THE  
NEXT TIME YOU'LL TREAT ME DIFFERENTLY...  
SO I WON'T HAVE TO DO THIS AGAIN...



END

The BLACK PLAGUE and the RED DEATH reaped its harvest from the 17th century Europe leaving behind the mystery of their origin. The clandestine origin of all PLAGUES is about to be revealed to you along with the story of a little known epidemic, many times more potent than any epidemic known to date, called...

# THE GREEN PLAGUE

THE LAST DEATHS OF THE BUBONIC PLAGUE HAVE PAST AND WITH THE STOICISM CHARACTERISTIC OF EUROPEANS, THEY ARE TRYING TO CONTINUE EXISTENCE AS IF THE PLAGUE HAD NEVER COME. THE GNOMES-SWORN ENEMIES OF MANKIND-WILL NOT LET MAN RECOVER, AND NOW PREPARE A NEW PLAGUE THAT WILL SURELY TAKE THE TWO THIRDS REMAINING POPULATION OF EUROPE.



THE ONLY KNOWN ANTIDOTE IS GNOME'S BLOOD BUT SINCE HUMANS ARE UNAWARE OF OUR PRESENCE, WE ARE QUITE SAFE. YOU MAY BEGIN TOMORROW.

I AM TOO OLD SPREADING THE BLACK DEATH SAPPED ALL OF MY ENERGY BUT PERHAPS MY DAUGHTER WOULD CONSIDER IT.



JUST AT THAT MOMENT STYR, GRUD'S DAUGHTER, RETURNS FROM HARVESTING WHEAT GNOME WOMEN ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEIR MEN ARE UGLY AND GRUD IS THE UGLIEST OF GNOME.

AH, CHILD COME HERE. BORG HAS SOME WONDERFUL THINGS TO TELL YOU—



AGAIN BORG DESCRIBES THE GREEN DEATH—

THE NEXT DAY, STYR PREPARES TO LEAVE—

...AND WHEN YOU HARVEST THEIR WHEAT—THE PREPARATION WILL BE ON THE BLADE OF YOUR SCYTHE. THEY WILL TURN THE WHEAT TO FLOUR AND THEN TO BREAD AND THEN THEY WILL EAT THE BREAD.

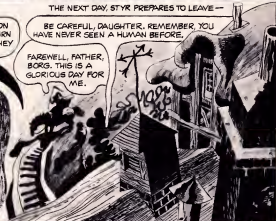
BE CAREFUL, DAUGHTER. REMEMBER, YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN A HUMAN BEFORE.

FAREWELL, FATHER, BORG. THIS IS A GLORIOUS DAY FOR ME.

I AM HONORED THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME FOR THIS TASK.

POWER TO ALL

GNOMES!



AFTER DAYS OF TRAVEL, STYR IS ABOUT TO COME UPON HER FIRST HUMAN SWELLINGS WHEN—

GOZA, FAITHFUL PET! YOU HAVE FOLLOWED ME ALL THIS WAY? GO HOME FOR YOU ARE FRIGHTENING MY MOUNT.



AS STYR TRIED TO TIGHTEN HER GRIP ON THE REINS, THE HORSES BUCKED.



THE PLAGUE MIGHT HAVE DIED HERE WITH ITS CARRIER AND OUR TALE WOULD BE OVER FOR THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE OF HER BEING FOUND IN SO REMOTE AN AREA.



STYR IS DYING-  
DYING-



BUT "CHANCE" CONTINUES MANY A DRAMA.

SO HERE IS YOUR RIDER AND WHAT IS THAT BEAST? I MUST HELP THE GIRL SO I'LL STRIKE THIS BARGAIN: DO NOT INTERFERE GREAT LIZARD, AND I WILL NOT HARM YOU.



SHE IS WEAK BUT STILL ALIVE. IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE, YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME WITH US.



THE YOUNG FARMER, CARRIED NOT ONLY THE BODY OF AN UNCONSCIOUS GIRL TO HIS HOME, BUT ALSO THE SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION.



FOR HOURS, STYR TOSSES IN A TROUBLED SLEEP BUT AT LAST THE FEVER LEAVES HER BRAIN AND SHE AWAKENS.

WHO?...WHAT?...  
YOU'RE A MAN,  
AREN'T YOU?

SURE AM AND PROUD OF IT, LASS. THE NAME IS  
SAMUEL, I'VE GOT SOME HARVESTING TO DO BUT I'LL  
BE BACK FOR SUPPER. THERE'S FOOD ON THE STOVE  
IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, OTHERWISE GET  
SOME SLEEP.

SO THAT'S A MAN—  
MY GOD, HE'S SO  
BEAUTIFUL.

IN SAMUEL'S TOOLSHED A FATAL DECISION IS MADE.

BLAST! I'LL NEVER GET THE WHEAT HARVESTED  
WITH THIS CHIPPED BLADE. I SHOULDNT...  
AW, THE LASS WOULDN'T MIND IF  
I USED HERS.

YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL  
MAN, SAMUEL. WHERE  
I COME FROM,  
GNO...UH, MEN  
ARE UGLY.

MEN AREN'T  
BEAUTIFUL, LASS BUT  
WOMEN, WELL, NOW  
TAKE YOURSELF  
FOR INSTANCE...





STYR STAYS ON WITH THE FARMER LONG AFTER SHE HAS HEALED AND THROUGH HIM, SHE LEARNS WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE HUMAN.

AFTER I SELL THE WHEAT AT THE MILL, WE'LL SPEND THE DAY IN THE VILLAGE— BUT YOU HAD BEST LEAVE GOZA HERE.

ALL-RIGHT.

YOU'VE A PRETTY WIFE OF YOUR OWN, MILLER, SO DON'T GET PIGGY.

THAT'S A RIGHT PRETTY GIRL WITH YOU. IS SHE YOURS?

ST ALBANS, JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON.

LOOK SAMUEL HOW HANDSOME THIS BOY IS AND THEY PLAY TOGETHER SO WELL.— IN MY VILLAGE, THE CHILDREN ARE VERY CRUEL TO ONE ANOTHER.

TAKE WHATEVER YOU LIKE. YOU CAN'T BE WEARING THE SAME DRESS ALL THE TIME.

IN A LITTLE TAVERN IN THE HEART OF THE VILLAGE.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TELL YOU ABOUT MYSELF.

THERE'S NOTHING YOU HAVE TO TELL ME. I LOVE YOU AS YOU ARE.



WILL WE HAVE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN?

YES, BUT THE PREACHER WON'T BE BY 'TIL NEXT WEEK. HE'LL COME TO THE FARM SINCE HE OWES ME A VISIT.

SORRY, SWEETHEART, BUT IT SEEMS AS IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR PET.

POOR GOZA NEVER COULD TOLERATE A LEASH. HE'LL FIND HIS WAY BACK TO MY VILLAGE.

IT WOULD BE A WISE THING FOR STYR TO KEEP HER FAST FROM SAMUEL BUT THE YOUNG ARE RARELY WISE.

I MUST TELL YOU THAT I AM AN AGENT SENT HERE TO DESTROY YOUR PEOPLE BY PLAGUE, BUT I CAN'T.

YOU KEEP SAYING "MY PEOPLE" WHO ARE "YOUR PEOPLE"?

GNOWE!

YOU, O STYR, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT CAN'T MATTER. I STILL FEEL THE SAME ABOUT YOU.



ONE WEEK LATER... IT MUST BE THE REVEREND ANNOUNCING THE END OF MY FREEDOM.

GRIN AND BEAR IT, DARLING...

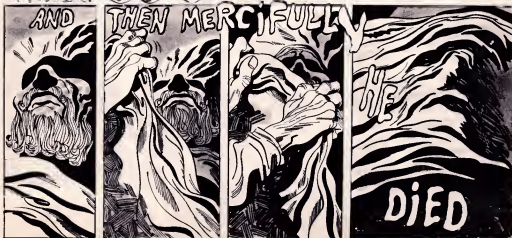


I DIDN'T REALIZE WHERE I WAS. FORGIVE ME FOR BRINGING THE GREEN DEATH TO YOU. WHAT SINS COULD WE HAVE COMMITTED TO BRING THIS UPON US SO SOON AFTER THE BLACK DEATH?

THEY WERE CARTING AWAY THE BODIES AND BURYING THEM ALONG WITH THE WAGONS—ENTIRE FAMILIES EVEN THEIR PETS.

I GAVE LAST RITES TO A MAN WHO BEGGED ME TO SLAY HIM AND HIS FAMILY. HIS AGONY WAS MADDENING. I TRIED TO TALK ABOVE HIS SCREAMS BUT IT WAS NO USE.

THE CHILDREN WERE THE MOST PATHETIC OF ALL. I COULD NOT STAND TO LOOK INTO THEIR SMILING, BLOTCHED FACES—NAIVE TO THE IMPENDING PAIN AND DEATH.



HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED?

THAT'S UNIMPORTANT. IT'S HERE—IS THERE AN ANTI-SERUM?

GNOMES BLOOD MY BLOOD!

YOU MUST KILL ME AND USE MY BLOOD FOR A SERUM? IF THE PLAGUE ISN'T STOPPED HERE, IT WILL SPREAD. WE HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO THE DISEASE. I WILL DIE ANYWAY.

DO IT QUICKLY, MY BELOVED. I DESPISE MY PEOPLE FOR FORCING YOU TO DO THIS.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

A SECOND VISITOR STAYS SAMUEL'S HAND FROM COMPLETING HIS MORBID OPERATION!

KNOCK!

HELLO STYR. WHEN GOZA RETURNED HOME WITHOUT YOU, WE BECAME WORRIED. IS ALL GOING WELL?

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, BORG—IT WILL!

IT SEEMS AS IF BORG HAS BEEN AXED INSIDE. BE WITH US NEXT TIME. MAYBE WE CAN COME UP WITH A PLAGUE OF TECHNICOLOR DEATH!



## THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only \$4.95.



## I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

You asked for it! The companion film to "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein" Teenage Jay turns to horrifying Werewolf who monies the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film. Only \$5.95.



## FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's earliest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. Bmm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. Bmm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR

FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Striker Wolfman gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and night, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$4.95; Technicolor, \$14.95.



## THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elise Lancheater. Nothing stops this gruesome romance . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly grime . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! Bmm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

## SON OF FRANKENSTEIN



In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95.



## KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torment" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, looking it all with a grin. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his terrific performance. Bmm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A century-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, exciting series film. Bmm, 200 feet, \$5.75.



## THE VAMPIRE BAT

Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Wray and Dwight Frye. Full of Vamp-ire, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A super-shocker. Full 200 feet, Bmm, \$6.95.



## THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you watch THE UNDEAD. Bmm, 200 feet, \$5.75.



## THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous cancer patient's house? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lusa stalks through this horror movie of his dramatic best. As scene after scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. Bmm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 feet version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. Bmm, \$16.95.



## BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA

DAUNTLESS DRACULA is at it again, sinking through the London fog for his victims. Bela Lugosi gives us the greatest performance of his career in this classic film. Fiends, vampires, screams . . . in this famous film. Add this to your collection . . . it is tops. Bmm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## Edgar Allan Poe's TELL TALE HEART

THIS FAMOUS SOUND MOVIE is available, at last, for movie collectors. Edgar Allan Poe's creepy, eerie tale of "THE TELL-TALE HEART" is a never-to-be-forgotten classic. Here, in Bmm UltraSound, you get the original Columbia Pictures film. The incomparable James Mason gives a master narration. You will cherish this film. Order today. Bmm Sound, 200 feet, \$12.95 plus 25c for postage.

## BELA LUGOSI CHILLS YOU THE HUMAN MONSTER



Original Edgar Wallace version, terrifying and chilling. Promises to haunt you again and again; a real shocker for friends you ask to see it. Full 400 feet, Bmm, \$11.95.

## LON CHANEY AS THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MARY PILSIN's famous "d'uncen unmasking scene." Eerie and unearthly. Famous original movie scene, available for first time in Bmm. Add it to your collection. \$4.95 Plus 25c postage.

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- ☐ I Was A Teenage Werewolf, \$5.95
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- ☐ I Was A Teenage Frankenstein, \$5.95
- ☐ Revenge Of Frankenstein, Black & White, \$4.95
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- ☐ Bride Of Frankenstein, \$5.75
- ☐ Son Of Frankenstein, \$5.95
- ☐ The Mummy, \$5.75
- ☐ The Mummy's Tomb, \$5.95
- ☐ The Vampire Bat, \$5.95
- ☐ Terror Of Dracula, \$10.95
- ☐ The Human Monster, \$11.95
- ☐ The Undead, \$5.95
- ☐ The Beast With Five Fingers, \$5.95
- ☐ Dracula, \$5.75
- ☐ Tell-Tale Heart, \$12.95
- ☐ Phantom Of The Opera, 50 Ft., \$4.95

CAPTAIN COMPANY,  
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Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ plus 25c postage & handling for each film checked:

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# VAMPI'S FIAMES

## THE DEEP

by Stephen Darner

It was a dark day in Massachusetts and sailing boats were tied up at the shore and some were being taken out for a few hours by vacationers. There was a beach nearby but nobody was swimming that day. Except for a few who came later to swim since the day was also hot and humid.

A yacht was out a couple miles offshore and the young couple on it were just lazily stretched out on a couple of chairs. The few at the shore changed their mind and left. Then it began.

All of a sudden the sky got darker than usual. The man lying in his chair on the yacht momentarily glanced outward at the horizon and jumped up.

A ship of rotting timber slowly came over the horizon and a strange light shined around it. The ship itself looked like it was from over one hundred years ago and was as dead as dead could be. The ocean grew restless and green tongues were lapping hungrily at the vessel's side.

"My God what is it?" asked the man to his wife, who also was up and stirring. "It looks like something out of the past."

"I don't have the slightest idea" she answered still gazing at it. It came closer and they could distinctly see men on the death ship, or what appeared to be men. They were tall figures with blank

eyes and were slowly swaying back and forth. A huge reptilian creature was cutting through the sea to the ship's side. And a name could be seen on the rending wood. Fran.

The onlookers were transfixed until a huge swelling began in the water and a second leviathan rose from the depths twice as large as the first and the woman screamed as it devoured a couple of passing sailboats.

"Hall! It's coming for us..." She was cut off as the creature splintered the yacht into driftwood and the people were thrown into the sea.

The man watched as his wife was engulfed by the hungry waves. But he wasn't too far off from the shore and could make it by swimming. The ship Fran remain motionless.

Water filled his mouth as he tried for the beach but couldn't make it. It felt like the water was holding him and pulling him down as if it was a living creature. The air was filled with noises like that of sirens and the water overcame him as he was swallowed as if by some great sea god.

Then the ship silently moved on...

END



The above is a suggestion for a Vampi sew-on-patch emblem sent in by Anthony Kowalik of Harvey, Ill.



19 year old Dave Manak of Pottstown, Pa., quickly sketched a strange visitor to his "under-the-house" cave which he sent to us for identification.



Pam Presnell, of Mineral Wells, Texas, sent in the above sketch of Vampi (or is it a sketch of Pam?).

# PREVIEW:

Below is only a sample of work from a six page script of an upcoming story to be illustrated by RICHARD BASSFORD of Flushing, N.Y.



The above is a well rendered sketch by Ed Romer who's sighting of this beautiful woman in his home town of Springfield, Mo., resembled our own Vampi.



Meanwhile, R. Charron of Quebec Canada was busy drawing a beautiful woman near the shore, when she suddenly changed to a bat and flew away.

## The Ellevator....

I reached the elevator just in time to have it close in my face. As I stood cursing, the red light bulb of the end elevator went on. I moved down the row of pale brown doors and waited for mine to open. When it opened, I was more than a little surprised to see filling almost half the compartment a very fat dark brown woman, her legs spread far apart by the thick row of fat on her thighs, straddling the operators stool. Her small dark eyes followed me as I stepped in. She was the only passenger. I'd worked in this building for the past two years and had never seen this operator, God she was ugly.

Oh well, nobodys perfect. The elevator stopped and the doors opened, revealing not the floor of my office, but the rough walls of a stone cavern. I turned to the woman, who was watching me, hoping for an explanation. With some difficulty she slid off the stool and waded down the tunnel, with myself following close behind. She led me to a gold finely carved chariot with two black stallions. The front of the chariot came to her shoulders as she stepped on and took the reins and whip in hand. I was completely confused now, my sense of reality had nothing to cling to. When she turned and

looked at me with a strange grin on her toad like face, the only thing I could do was to step aboard. Once in the chariot two woman took on a complete personality change, with a terrifying scream she viciously lashed the horses and we were off like a shot, charging thru the cavern at breakneck speed. The cavern walls grew darker and indistinct and it felt as if we were flying as the chariot raced faster and faster. As darkness surrounded us, the feeling of flight became stronger. Thru this darkness I could make out pin points of light. Stars, they were stars. We were traveling thru some night sky. The orbs ahead of us grew larger, soon passing by as we fell further into the star studded blackness. Suddenly, with surprising strength the fat woman turned, grabbed

me violently and flung me from the chariot into the abyss of eternity we traveled thru. I felt myself falling thru the blackness, lonely, nothing blackness. The feeling of falling slowly blended to a floating, losing all my body sensations. I could not move, feel, or see any part of my body. It was as if I had suddenly become paralyzed and blind all at once, I panicked, I wanted to scream, but there was nothing. Far off I noticed points of color, red and blue. As they came closer I noticed they were shaped very much like red and blue snowflakes, very intricate in design. I tried so hard to communicate, to come close. In the terrible loneliness that suddenly overwhelmed me I realized I could only drift like a dead leaf in a gentle breeze, thru the blackness of eternity.

END

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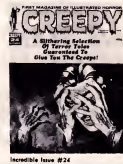
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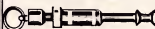
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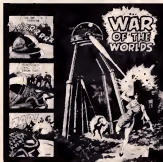
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# DRAGON WOMAN

DURING THE  
KOREAN WAR



PFC GEORGE SAINT, 999 TH BATTALION, WASN'T DEAD .... YET. CLEARLY, HE HADN'T BEEN IN LOVE WITH THIS WAR. BUT HE WILL HAVE BEEN ITS VICTIM JUST THE SAME.



GIVE HIM  
TIME ....  
AND SOME  
HOARY  
MOONLIGHT



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MINUTES, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DAYS. PFC GEORGE SAINT LAY IN A GRIZZLED MORTAR CRATER, HIS KHAKI UNIFORM DUST-COVERED AND TORN. A MILKY HANDKERCHIEF CRESSED HIS FACE. GEORGE SAINT FORCED HIS GREY, CLOUDY EYES OPEN AND BLINKED.....



WH-WHO ARE YOU? WHERE...OOOH, MY HEAD!

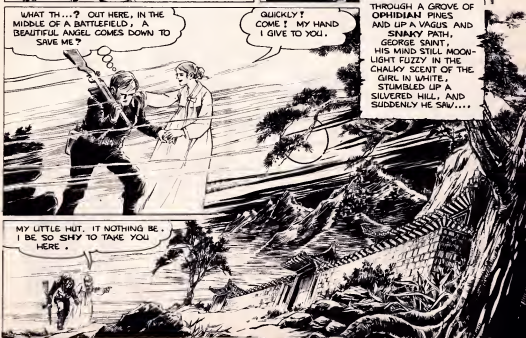


WHAT TH...? OUT HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A BATTLEFIELD, A BEAUTIFUL ANGEL COMES DOWN TO SAVE ME?

QUICKLY! COME! MY HAND I GIVE TO YOU.

THROUGH A GROVE OF OPHIDIAN PINES AND UP A VAGUS AND SNAKY PATH, GEORGE SAINT, HIS MIND STILL MOON-LIGHT FUZZY IN THE CHALKY SCENT OF THE GIRL IN WHITE, STUMBLED UP A SILVERED HILL, AND SUDDENLY HE SAW....

MY LITTLE HUT. IT NOTHING BE. I BE SO SHY TO TAKE YOU HERE.



CHILL AND ILL IT BE FOR YOU TO STAY. PLEASE COME WITH ME.

BE NOT AFRAID. THIS KOREA, MY KOREA, SO A GOOD LAND BE. FOOD AND SLEEP YOU NEED. PLEASE COME WITH ME.





NO!  
I TELL YOU MUST.  
THIS BE NOT MY HOME  
IN FACT, IT BE A  
STORY SAD FOR ONE  
GIRL TO TELL.  
ASHAMED  
I BE SO MUCH.

WELL, STOP YOUR BLUBBERIN',  
MISS, AND SPILL OUT YOUR STORY!

OH, PLEASE  
DON'T BE SO  
HARSH ON ME.  
MY THREE  
TORMENTORS  
BE TOO MUCH  
FOR ANY  
GIRL TO BEAR.

ONE MONTH AGO—EXACT-  
LY ONE LONG SNOWY  
MOON AGO— I WAS  
ABDUCTED BY THREE  
UGLY BANDITS OF THESE  
HILLS. THEY PREY ON  
ALL WHO SUFFER FROM  
THIS WAR OF  
NORTH AND SOUTH.

THEY BROUGHT ME  
HERE AND TRIED  
TO FORCE MY  
MARRIAGE WITH  
THEM ALL.  
TO MARRY THEM,  
TO LET THEM TOUCH  
ME ONCE,  
I WOULD MOST  
SURELY DIE.  
THEY ALL  
REPEL ME SO.

I CANNOT LEAVE THIS PLACE.  
THE WAR BE ALL AROUND  
THIS HOUSE. AND EVERY  
NIGHT THIS COME AGAIN TO  
ASK. I CANNOT STAND  
THIS MORE .....

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!  
THIS MANSION!  
THREE BANDITS! IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THIS HELL OF  
WAR! WHAT AM I  
DOING.....

OOOHH!  
THEY  
COME  
AGAIN!

QUIET!  
STAY HERE!  
I WON'T  
LET THEM  
BOTHER YOU  
ANYMORE,  
BABY!



UGH !  
I'VE SEEN  
BETTER LOOKIN'  
BODIES GOIN' INTO  
THE MEDICS .



어...어 !  
헉... 너는 누구냐?  
반... 병은 어디  
가있어? 우락  
병에 하지 마라!

I KNOW  
WHAT TO DO  
WITH UGLY  
PUSSIES LIKE  
YOURS !

HERE !  
GNAW ON  
THESE BONES ,  
YOU  
SAVAGES !



BLAM!  
BLAM!

ZING



THERE! THOSE SCUM WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE, HONEY! I NEVER KNEW BANDITS COULD SMELL SO, LIKE A DECAYIN' SWAMP!



YOU DO NOT REPEL ME AS THEY DID.  
YOU BE A GOOD AND HANDSOME MAN.  
MY SAVIOR  
YOU BE NOW!

SHE SAVES ME AND I SAVE HER! FINE!  
STILL THERE'S SOMETHING NIGHTMARISH ABOUT ALL OF THIS!



NIGHTMARISH? PERHAPS, BUT WHAT FOLLOWED IS NEVER IN ANYONE'S NIGHTMARES. THE GRINNING GIRL BROUGHT TO HIM KOREAN DISHES-- RARE MEAT CRADLED IN AN IVORY SCENT; HUGE FLAKE-WHITE VEGETABLES IN AN ALBINIC BRINE; A BILLOW STEAM OF BITTER TEA-- SERVED IN THE ECHOING TRADITION OF THE KOREAN WOMAN PLEASING HE MAN.

IT BE NOT MUCH AND TASTE NOT GOOD.  
IT BE ALL I HAVE.



HERE! FRESH SOY BEAN CURD WILL MAKE YOU STRONG.



MMM! KOREAN MEN DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE. AND I CAN'T COMPREHEND HOW LUCKY I AM. SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL, SO MANNERED, SO TALENTED!

I NOW WILL PLAY OUR COUNTRY'S MUSIC ON THE KAYAGUM. AND THEN, MY SAVIOR, I WILL DANCE.



SIMULOUSLY WINDING ITS WAY THROUGH THE MOKRAN SKY, THE MOON SEEMED TO GLOW ABOVE THE MANSION WITH AN EVEN HOARIER, PEARLY LIGHT.

IT BE LATE, MY SAVIOR DEAR. YOU BE VERY TIRED SO. YOU MUST REST. YOU LAY DOWN. WAIT FOR ME.

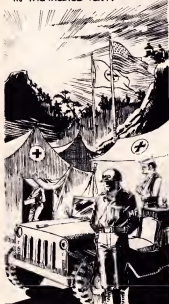
SHE'S CHANGED AND... MMMM! WHAT MORE COULD A GUY ASK! AND YET.... IT'S AS IF THIS WERE A DREAM. YOU WONDER IF IT ALL COULD REALLY BE SO GOOD.

OH WELL, WHAT THE HELL! A GUY NEEDS A LITTLE LOVE AT A TIME LIKE THIS. AND WHO WAS I EVER TO TURN DOWN SUCH AN INVITATION?

AN INVITATION.... TO LOVE?  
AN OLD, FAR EASTERN ADAGE GOES: "NEVER TRUST A WOMAN OF SWEET WORDS FOR SHE SPEAKS WITH A FORKED-TONGUE." ENCOILED BY THE CREATURE'S WONDROUS SNAKEDNESS, GEORGE SAINT WAS TOO STUPIFIED TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED. AN INSTANT, LACTESCENT METAMORPHOSIS, AND ANOTHER MORTAR SHELL EXPLODED ON GEORGE'S LIPS, THIS ONE BLINDING WHITE AND CARNAL.

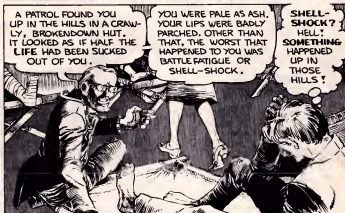


A KISS, A DREAM.... A DREAM.  
A KISS... PFC GEORGE SAINT  
FOUGHT OFF HIS MORNING HEAD-  
ACHE FANGS AND FOUND HIMSELF  
IN THE MEDICS TENT.



HEY, DOC! WHAT HAPPENED?  
I VAGUELY REMEMBER SOMETHING DARK  
AND GREY AND LATER SOMETHING SOFT  
AND WHITE HITTING ME. BUT THE  
SECOND TIME....

WHOA,  
GEORGE!  
TAKE IT  
EASY!



A PATROL FOUND YOU  
UP IN THE HILLS IN A CRAW-  
LY, BROKENDOWN HUT.  
IT LOOKED AS IF HALF THE  
LIFE HAD BEEN SUCKED  
OUT OF YOU.

YOU WERE PALE AS ASH.  
YOUR LIPS WERE BADLY  
PARCHED. OTHER THAN  
THAT, THE WORST THAT  
HAPPENED TO YOU WAS  
BATTLE FATIGUE OR  
SHELL-SHOCK.

SHELL-  
SHOCK?  
HELL!  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED  
UP IN  
THOSE  
HILLS!



I CAN'T REMEMBER  
EXACTLY WHAT, BUT  
SOMETHING STRANGE  
HAPPENED. THIS CONTRY  
ISN'T WHAT IT  
APPEARS TO BE.  
I'VE GOTTA GO BACK  
INTO THESE HILLS AND  
FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.



THERE ARE SMELLS AND  
COLORS IN THE BACK OF  
MY MEMORY THAT KEEP  
BOtherING ME. I'VE GOTTA  
SEEK 'EM OUT. AND  
I KNOW IT WASN'T ANY  
HUT I WAS IN!



THERE IT... HEY!  
IT'S A SHAMBLES!



THIS IS WHERE IT WAS,  
BUT THIS ISN'T  
WHAT IT WAS!

THIS IS ALL  
DECAY AND  
ROT AND....

WH-WHAT? YOU THREE?  
I KNOW YOU! I-I REMEMBER NOW!  
I KILLED YOU! I KNOW I DID!  
B-BUT YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! AND  
THE GIRL? WHERE IS SHE?

BE QUIET AND LISTEN,  
MR. SAINT.  
SAINT.... GEORGE?  
HAH!  
WHAT A JOKE!



OH YES, WE ARE DEAD,  
VERY DEAD. AND YOU DID KILL US,  
MR. SAINT, BECAUSE OF THAT GIRL,  
THAT BEAUTIFUL GIRL.  
THINK BACK ON THAT NIGHT.  
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING  
UNUSUAL ABOUT IT, ABOUT HER.  
MAYBE HOW SHE KISSED YOU?  
HEH! HEH! HEH!



SHE WAS NO  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,  
MR. SAINT...SHE WASN'T  
EVEN HUMAN.  
SHE WAS A BEAST.  
IN KOREAN,  
SHE IS CALLED --  
BEIM--THE SNAKE.  
AND NO ORDINARY  
MORTAL SNAKE, BUT--  
BECKSAH--THE  
GREAT WHITE SNAKE  
OF OUR KOREA.

BECKSAH IS A  
MOST WONDROUS  
CREATURE BECAUSE AT  
THE VERY MOMENT  
SHE BECOMES  
ONE THOUSAND-YEARS  
OLD, SHE META-  
MORPHIZES INTO --  
YONG--THE DRAGON.  
BUT UNTIL THAT MAGIC  
MOMENT, BECKSAH  
POSSESSES MANY  
GREAT POWERS,  
AMONG THEM BEING  
THAT HER SPIRIT  
CAN TAKE ANY FORM,  
ANY SHAPE, AND  
ENTICE ANY FOOL  
SUCH AS YOU.



AND, MOST IMPORTANT,  
MOST IMPORTANT TO US, SHE  
CAN, DURING HER 999 TH  
SOLAR ORBIT, CURE MEN OF  
A DREADED DISEASE. LOOK  
AT US, MR. SAINT. SEE  
THIS ROTTING SKIN. SEE  
THESE BONES STICKING OUT  
THROUGH THE DECAYING  
FLESH. THIS IS--NAHBYUNG--  
LEPROSY. AND BECKSAH  
PREPARED COULD HAVE  
HEALED US OF THIS TER-  
RIBLE AFFLICTION.



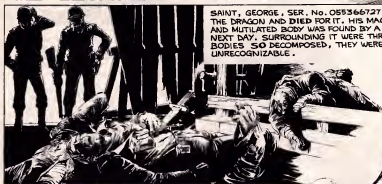
WE HAD CAPTURED HER. SHE WAS 999 YEARS AND 364 DAYS OLD. WE WERE PREPARING TO GRIND HER INTO THE MEDICINE THAT WOULD CURE US ALL. BUT SHE WAS STRONG AND YOU WERE WEAK, MR. SAINT. YOU KILLED US AT HER BEHEST AND SET HER FREE, SET BECKSAH FREE, TO BECOME THE INVULNERABLE YONG(龍).



NOW YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR SINS. YOU MUST PAY, MR. SAINT, FOR YOUR PLEASURES AND YOUR FOOLISHNESS AND YOUR IGNORANCE AND YOUR SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS, AND FOR OUR DEATHS.



SAINT, GEORGE, SER. No. 051366727 CREATED THE DRAGON AND DIED FOR IT. HIS MAGGOT-RIDDEN AND MUTILATED BODY WAS FOUND BY A PATROL THE NEXT DAY. SURROUNDING IT WERE THREE FOUL BODIES SO DECOMPOSED, THEY WERE UNRECOGNIZABLE.



A GREAT ORIENTAL SCHOLAR ONCE WROTE MANY CENTURIES AGO, EVEN BEFORE MY TIME: "BIRDS FLY, FISH SWIM, ANIMALS RUN. THE RUNNING ANIMAL CAN BE CAUGHT IN A TRAP, THE SWIMMER IN A NET, AND THE FLYER BY AN ARROW. BUT THERE IS THE DRAGON; I DON'T KNOW HOW IT RIDES ON THE WIND OR HOW IT REACHES THE HEAVENS. I KNOW ONLY THAT IT IS DIVINE AND LIKE AN ANGEL." MR. GEORGE SAINT MAY NOT AGREE WITH THAT, BUT HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT THE MATTER NOW.



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